

Down n Dirty [REDDIE] by Mystic_Talon

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Summary:

Richie Tozier

Age 16

Student at Brooklyn High

Eddie Kaspbrak

Age 15

Student at Harlem Academy

Life came easy for Eddie, and Richie was life's main bitch.

The Kaspbraks were known for their wealth, Frank Kaspbrak is a world renown General surgeon and chief of surgery. He holds fundraisers and charity events that his wife Sonia helps him with.

The Toziers on the other hand, were known..for well not known at all. Maggie Tozier is a night nurse but she's the only one working and struggling to keep up with rent while Wentworth is the deadbeat father that didn't stick around love enough to know the name of his son.

Will their worlds collide? One may hope so

1. Brooklyn High

“KID STOP-“

“STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW”

The teen kicked his skateboard up grinding against the rails leading into the underground. He rode off the rail hiding himself in the crowd practically losing the cops. He stops riding bringing up his skateboard before jumping on the subway.

“Hey stranger” A girl with red firey hair smiles from her seat as the boy grabs onto the railing about her. “Do you think the preppy boys will join the subway track today?”

“If so Bevvy baby you know I’ll kick one of their asses” The boy held his hand out as Bev happily placed a cigarette in his hand.

“Oh but not the tall cute one, he’s a catch~”

“You mean Stuttering Bill? Maybe if I kick his teeth in he’ll actually speak normally”

“Rude Richie. Always rude” Bev laughs as she moves her backpack for Richie to sit. “But I still want to see the so called Stuttering Bill. Do you even know his real name? You are friends with a prep student”

“Don’t remind me”

“Oh come the fuck on. It’s not the end of the world being friends with one.” Bev laughs as she sees the uniformed preps enter the subway.
“Looks like we do get to see them”

“Oh god. The rats of the subway” The smallest male out of the three states as his friends laughed a bit. “What?”

“Y-you could’ve just asked your mother to take us to school i-instead of having t-to t-take the s-subway to Harlem A-A-Academy”

“You’re asking me that William when your mom could’ve also driven us”

“Eddie. Do we need to remind you of who your parents are?” The third one states resting his hand on his shoulder.

Eddie groans taking his handkerchief out to grab the pole with it. William rolls his eyes grabbing the top railing as he catches his friend when a very tall intimidating man pushed him out of the way.

“Watch it! You okay Stanley?”

“Yes. Fuck dude” Stanley frowns adjusting himself watching the

intimidating teen give him a stare before joining Richie and Bev.

“Why the fuck does the four eyed one smoke on the subway!” Eddie exclaims as William laughs a bit.

“If your dad h-heard you c-c-cuss. Y-You’d be dead”

“Shut the fuck up” Eddie frowns as he suddenly stiffens when the so called rats exit from where they stood. ‘Don’t touch me don’t touch me’ he thought as Richie locked eyes with Stan before getting off.

“Eddie. You look like you’re about to throw up” Stanley frowns watching the short one start hyperventilating quickly taking out his inhaler. “Okay. More like panic I guess” he pats his back.

“Richie come on dude” The intimidating one yells at catch Richie’s attention who was still staring at the empty tracks.

“Chill Mike. I’m coming” Richie sighs rolling his eyes before joining the two. “So who’s ready to trash theater class?”

“Oh fuck yeah” Bev smirks locking arms with Richie as the three walk to Brooklyn High.

Brooklyn High, the so called high school that Eddie likes to say the rats go. When it’s really just a regular public school that doesn’t get enough funding for extra curricular activities that aren’t sports

related.

“Fuck there’s the Bowers. Watch out for them Trashmouth. We don’t need another pharmacy raid just to patch your ass up” Mike frowns blocking Henry and his crew’s view of Richie.

“It’s not my fault that he’s intimidated by me” Richie takes a final hit of his cigarette before putting it out and exhaling. “Henry is just the fucking scum of the earth” he pushes the main doors open for the three of them as he walks to his locker locking eyes with Sam. “I’ll see y’all in class” he frowns as Bev waves him off walking with Mike.

Richie soon found himself in the janitor’s closet arching his back letting out a moan. He scoffs laughing watching Sam stand to his feet licking his lips.

“What’s so funny Trashmouth? Not satisfied?”

“I wouldn’t say that..” Richie laughs adjusting himself as he zips his jeans putting his belt back on. “You’re always satisfying to me, but we are forever going to be stuck in the closet with your bitch for a brother in the world” he states as he rests his hand on Sam’s face. “Also I don’t think your sexy little thing will appreciate the fact that you get down on your knees for me” he teases before grabbing his coat and messenger bag. “Later Sam”

“Fuck you Tozier”

“Anytime” Richie smirks leaving the closet first making his way to theater.

As Richie snuck into the class late he tip toed his way to Bev who moved her bag off the chair next to her. He leans back watching the teacher go on and on which made him doze off a bit.

“RICHARD TOZIER” The teacher yells as Richie jolts up seeing Bev crossing her arms standing beside the teacher.

“Oh fuck what did I do”

“Our scene Richie” Bev laughs to herself as the teacher brings her head back to her making her instantly shut up.

“Get up here and do your scene.” The teacher already hated Richie since he came to Brooklyn High. But that’s because he used to break into the teachers’ cars to find spare money or anything really.

Richie stood to his feet walking to the center of the horse shoe (seating arrangement) standing beside Bev.

“The scene is from the Fault in our Stars” Bev stays hearing the fan girls of the John Green book squeal. “Of course they would...”

The two turned around as Richie takes his glasses off tossing them on the desk taking in a deep breath. Bev turned around waiting for

Richie as he brought himself around walking next to her looking the same direction she was.

“I thought we were in a church basement but apparently we were literally in the heart of Jesus.”

“Someone should probably tell him. don't you think? Jesus? Seems kinda dangerous keeping all these kids with cancer in your heart.”

Richie laughs taking a step back. “What's your name?”

“Hazel”

“No, your full name?”

“Hazel Grace Lancaster” Bev looks at Richie confused watching him smile with his gaze fixated on her. “What?”

“I didn't say anything”

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Because your beautiful” Richie smiles truly meaning that in the reality. “I enjoy looking at beautiful people and I decided a while back not to deny myself the simpler pleasures of existence.

Particularly given that, as you so astutely pointed out, we're all gonna die pretty soon.”

The two looked at each other for the moment before back at the crowd.

“Scene” Richie finishes grabbing his glasses as their classmates applauded for them including their teacher.

“Good job Mr. Tozier and Ms. Marsh, now take your seats. Greyson and June you’re next” The teacher moved on as the two went back to their seats.

Bev snickers a bit to herself as Richie looks over her shoulder seeing her text some random number.

“Who the fuck is that?”

“Beep beep Richie”

“Damn alright. And I thought I was gonna but you coffee after school”

“Like you can afford coffee”

“Too far Bev. Too far” Richie rolls his eyes watching the students continue their scenes.

After a few hours Richie stood out by the bike rack holding his skateboard waiting for his friends. He watches the Bowers walk past him giving him death stares which is always an after school norm.

“Yo dude. Can Bev use the skateboard?” Mike asks right as he approached Richie.

“Well I guess the Yo makes up for it. But why?”

“She’s got a hot date. The subway won’t get her there in time”

“Where the little la...lady” Richie stood talking watching Bev trot down the steps in her white converse, short black overalls, a long sleeve purple shirt, and her short hair spruced up. Including her makeup game on point. “Damn. I thought my bestie was Bev. Not the beautiful lady Beverly Marsh”

“Are you saying I was never beautiful?”

“Nope. This just adds to the beauty. So who’s the lucky guy? I think I have a right to know if I let you borrow my skateboard”

“I’ll text you later. I’m running a tad late” Bev smiles taking the skateboard and already heading on her way.

Mike and Richie watch her go as Richie laughs a bit. Mike rolls his eyes.

“It’s that Stuttering Bill kid, his name is William Denbrough”

“That fucking bitch”

“Cool it Rich. He seems nice. There’s a lot more bitches at that school. He’s prob the only sane one anyway” Mike shrugs checking his watch. “Shit. You better check the subway if you want to get some work”

Richie sighs before starting a run for the subway. Mike on the other hand took his phone out and started texting someone rather immediately.

As Richie slid down the railing quickly jumping onto the subway. He took a moment to himself as he scanned around praising the heavens that there’s no preppy students. Richie sat down watching all the stops go by as he finally gets off in Harlem hating his life even more. He ran down a few blocks before entering a huge bookstore making his way toward the back seeing preps and adults from his left to right.

“You’re late Richie”

“Shut the fuck up Stanley” Richie puts his bag in his locker grabbing his name tag and radio. “Am I cashier this week or not?”

“From what the schedule says yeah you are. I’m stuck doing inventory” Stanley frowns as he held his hand out. Richie took a minute before taking his backpack out grabbing the tshirt he got for Stan. “Still can’t believe you got a band t for The Cure”

“I live in the shittest part of Brooklyn, I work in the cleanest but also biggest bookstore that pays decently, and I know my ways to getting things”

“You didn’t murder someone to get me this t did you?”

“I didn’t murder anybody. My friend went to the concern. So I asked” Richie says calmly clocking in and making his way out with Stanley following. “Going to do inventory behind the cashier desk?”

“Like always”

“I’ve missed you Stan”

“Same Richard”

2. Harlem Academy

“Why does Stanley have a job when his parents are ornithologists? They get paid really well for studying birds” Eddie states as his friend Ben stares at him with pure confusion. “What?”

“Do you expect to be spoiled the rest of your life or something?”

“No why?”

“Just curious..” Ben goes back to eating his lunch as Stanley and William approach the two sitting with them.

William hasn’t drawn his attention away from his phone as this is three days after his date with Bev. He couldn’t stop smiling thinking about her as he was texting her that very moment.

“Will, are you going to tell us who you’re texting?”

“Nah I’m good”

Stanley gave him a stare before rolling his eyes and eating his carrots. “I swear. So I was working yesterday and this whole shelf came down. It wasn’t my fault that it came down, this kid was hanging off the shelf like an idiot. And-“

“Wait you work at the bookstore?” Eddie questions as Stanley now gave him a stare. “The big one?”

“Yeah. Besides the point— We almost had to call 911 because one we couldn’t find the kids mom and two the kid was an idiot and broke his arm falling from who knows how far from the ground”

“We?”

“Really Eddie? That’s the biggest thing you focus on”

“I mean. I was about to ask the same thing...” Ben admits as Stanley gave out an annoyed sigh before resting his arms on the cafeteria table.

“I work with a friend named Richie-“

“Wow. I thought you’d rather be called Dick than Richie for a shorter name for Richard. But then again...Richie and Richard have the same amount of letters in the name so-“

“Eddie. Shut up.”

“Sorry! I’m just analyzing!”

“What a terrible future career you might partake in” William blurts.

“What?!”

“Nothing Eddie” William snickers to himself as he finally puts his phone down. “You’re just. A lot of things that are hard to explain”

“Are they bad?!”

“The hypochondriac thing is bad. But that’s prob cuz your dad is a surgeon and talks about medical junk that freaks you out” Ben says calmly as Eddie shrugs trying to think about the other things. “You also over analyze everything.”

“Sometimes it’s not bad. Sometimes it is” Stanley adds as Eddie thought to himself ‘Is this an attack Eddie day’ which only made his tiny self more livid. Stanley rests his hand on his shoulder. “But we love you regardless”

“Yeah so d-don’t overthink a-a-about it” William smiles happily before smiling even more when his phone went off.

“Who the fuck are you texting?!”

“A girl” William answers as he sees her starting to call. “I’ll see you three in study hall. Gotta go” he smiles answering the call leaving with his stuff.

Stanley rolls his eyes turning to a still confused Eddie. He snickers a bit to himself.

“Anyway, I can’t hang today cuz I have work. So can we reschedule our weekly hang out?”

“Bitch you don’t have to work!”

“Oh here we go” Ben got up leaving not wanting to hear this again.

“Eddie. I know I don’t have to work. But I’d like the experience and extra cash” Stanley frowns as Eddie thought for a long time which his thoughts ended when the bell rang. “If you need anything more that isn’t work related, just shoot me a text. I’ll see you later”

“See yeah stan the man..” Eddie watches him go which left him alone for the moment before deciding to get up and head to class.

As Eddie enters his lab class he sat in the back by himself thinking about what Stanley responded with. But he was even getting distracted by that thought.

“Edward Kaspbrak!”

“Y-Yes?”

“Come complete the formula on the board”

“Yes ma’am..” Eddie got up to do so as he heard whispers when he filled in the formula.

“His father did surgery on my grandma”

“He’s a miracle worker”

“Think Eddie is gonna follow in his father’s footsteps?”

“Prob be a pansy like his mother the trophy wife”

“Shhh don’t say that! Even if it is true a little..”

“Eddie the trophy wife”

All the comments ended in laughter as Eddie frowns finishing up quickly running back to his seat. He kept his head down for the remainder of class, hell the remainder of the school day. Eddie headed out with Stanley as he decided to hang with him even if he was working. He didn’t want to be alone.

“If you disturb me during work-“

“I’ll just hang out in the cafe, read some of the books, and I guess buy? I won’t disturb you”

“See, I’ll disturb you when my boss ain’t roaming. Okay?”

“Okay” Eddie reassures Stanley as he follows him into his work separating to look around.

Eddie makes his way more toward the fictional section as he found himself in the horror and mystery genres. He grabbed a book by Stephen King and started reading the biography of the book.

“Fan of horror?”

“Huh?” Eddie turns to find the same Brooklyn rat from the subway Richie looking right at him. “Oh fuck”

“Uh, okay don’t answer” Richie rolls his eyes as he sets down the box of restock down before opening it.

Eddie watches Richie the entire time he was there before putting the book back and scurrying off to hide in the cafe. Richie on the other hand was watching him from the corner of his eye as he laughed when he ran off.

“What the fuck is that guy’s deal”

After a few hours Stanley headed into the back finding Richie doing his homework for a class while also doing inventory into the system. He pulls up a chair next to him looking at his work.

“You did that wrong”

“Tsk. Fuck off”

“I can tutor you in stats, y’know”

“Yeah yeah but when do you ever have the time to head into Brooklyn without your parents getting up your ass about it?”

“True but if you have the time to head up here for work. I think I’ll have time to head down to Brooklyn”

“Better not look preppy. Or I may have to kick your ass” Richie smiles laughing as he pushes his notebook to Stanley to have him point out his mistakes. But they were soon interrupted by Stan’s phone going off. “Damn.”

“Give me...” Stan stares at the caller ID as he groans answering it making his way out.

As Stanley stayed on the call making his way to the magazine area he ends the call finding Eddie slipping through several medical journals. He frowns picking up the ones he's not reading at the moment finding the main story being about his father.

“Eddie. You’re like a lost puppy that figured out why you’re lost in the first place. Just you always read these journals like you didn’t know your father was a surgeon”

“World renown”

“I swear to fuck. Come on. Get up. You can chill in the back until my shift is over” Stanley helps Eddie up before putting away the journals.

As Stanley puts Eddie in the back room with Richie who was staring at everything in the moment, he left to take care of the rest of the medical journals. Richie turns to Eddie as Eddie stares at him.

“So, you like horror?”

“I asked you that dumbass”

“Well now I’m asking you.”

“Yeah. I like it. I prefer other genres but it’s up there with my

favorites” Richie states as he turns back to his stats.

“Why are you doing your homework when you are supposed to be working?”

“Why are you a customer in the employee locker room?”

“touché” Eddie leans back into his chair bringing his legs up onto the seat hugging his knees. “But still—“

“I was supposed to run the cashier line. But today most employees are here. So I traded with one of them to do inventory.” Richie states as he frowns hearing his phone go off. He checks it quickly and answering it there. “Hey ma...yeah..okay I will...now? Fuck okay” he ends the call as he started packing his stuff. “Tell Stan things came up. Clocking out early. Like you know what the fuck that means” Richie’s okay mood grew sour rather quickly.

As Richie stormed out of the bookstore and hoping on his skateboard. Stanley watched him from the counter frowning confused as he grabs his radio heading back. He stares at the confused and lonely Eddie.

“Where’d he go?”

“His mom called? Then he had to go”

“Oh, that’s alright I guess. If he finished inventory I don’t care as

much” Stanley lies for the most part as he sits down in front of the computer checking.

“How’d you even meet him?”

“Here?”

“Is that the truth?”

“No”

“Stan!”

“What?! You’re going to be like ‘Why the fuck you hanging out with the rats of Brooklyn’”

“Okay I wasn’t- yeah I was. But come on”

Stanley frowns snickering a bit. “In central park I like to go bird watching. Yeah the one thing I share with my parents. And some so called rats started bullying me. But that rat Richie, hated the one bullying me. So he fucked him up. Then he got fucked up. The least I did was help him get patched up after he saved my ass”

“How am I just hearing about that?! You’re my best friend!”

“And you’re my best friend who doesn’t like the Brooklyn High rats” Stanley laughs a bit as Eddie frowns knowing he should be more considerate but he still thinks they are rats if they call him a preppy bitch. Stanley started to hate the silence from Eddie as he turns toward him smiling. “You want to go get boba before heading to the lovely gated community that totally doesn’t make us feel like animals?”

“Yes”

“Then let’s go” Stanley packed everything up and clocking out before heading out with Eddie.

Eddie knew he should think more about the rats, but there’s much more to think about.

3. Sneaking in the Window

“City of stars....”

Richie trotted on the sidewalk of the Harlem gated community.

“Are you shining just for me?” He sighs holding his side as he goes to the gate used for police.

“City of stars...”

Richie climbs over the fence before slamming into the ground frowning and wincing at the added pain.

“There's so much that I can't see...” He coughs bringing himself up and walking to a familiar house.

“Who knows?” Richie frowns finding the house as he looks around in the grass that is fake. He sighs reaching for some hard to throw. “Is this the start of something wonderful and new?” He suddenly started hacking and coughing as he soon tosses the screw to something that hopefully wasn't important.

“Or one more dream that I cannot make true?” Richie exhales the last lyric as he climbs the gutter line watching the window slowly open revealing Stanley with a disappointed look on his face.

Stanley helped Richie into his room as the two flinch to his parakeet screaming. Stanley immediately grabbed the blanket covering the cage to shut up his bird. He watches Richie close the window leaving blood stains on the glass.

“What happened” Stan frowns having Richie sit on his bed sitting beside him.

Richie snorts as he takes off his glasses slowly revealing the blood sore coming from the black eye. He took a deep breath and sighing the exhale.

“Can I lie saying I got hit by a car?”

“You wouldn’t have been able to climb through the window”

“Hnnnnn true true...okay whatever. Henry has a field day. That’s pretty much all...” Richie smiles to try and distract himself from the pain as he watches Stanley frown even more before getting up to get his first aid kit.

“Take your shirt off”

“Ohhh baby I didn’t think we’d get to third tonight”

“Richie. I swear to fuck I’m not in the mood-“

“Okay okay” Richie grabbed the back of his shirt ripping it off over his head as there wasn’t took much damage besides a few bruises here and there.

“Thank god it’s not like last time you fucking idiot” Stanley frowns as he grabbed cotton putting antibiotics on it before gently pressing on Richie’s face. “Are you going to sleep in my closet again or try and make it back home?”

“Debating”

“Fuck. Just stay here and I’ll sneak you out when my parents leave for work” Stanley frowns applying a bandage on the bridge of his nose. “You can sleep in the bed with me. Don’t sleep in the fucking closet”

“Mmmm Stan the man is gonna let me cuddle with him? How am I this blessed...” Richie groans laying back onto the bed as Stan puts the supplies away before covering Richie in the blanket. “Why are you so nice to me Staniel..I’m just a rat from Brooklyn High”

“Shut up Richie” Stanley frowns bringing his legs onto the bed taking off his shoes before crawling in next to him. “You’re my friend. That’s why I’m so nice to you”

“Mm....” Richie cuddled up to Stanley being the little spoon as he felt

Stanley hold him. “You’re awesome Staniel..” he soon dozed off finally as Stanley kept an eye on him for a moment before sleeping himself.

The next morning came around as Stanley watched his parents leave from his window. He turns back to the still sleeping Richie as he checks the time before walking up to him and smacking his ass to wake him up.

“What the-....Why?”

“Wake up. The parents are gone. Let’s get you home”

“Hmm..Okay” Richie brought himself up and out of bed as he started to put his shoes on.

Stanley thought for a bit as he leaves his room to find the butler. Richie on the other hand stared at the window before turning to Stanley’s bird.

“If I taught you cuss words would Stanley hate me?”

The bird just stared back as Richie asked.

After a few moments, Stanley walked with Richie down to the front of the gated community. Stanley was going to go with him to the subway just to make sure he gets there but the two were soon

noticed.

“Stan!” William ran over to the two stopping as he stared at Richie for a while. “S-Sup street r-r-rat”

“Jesus. Not going to fuck with this” Richie parts from Stanley as Stan gave William a stare.

“What? H-How’d he even g-g-get in here?”

“William. Just-“

“William” Richie stopped for a minute thinking. “So you’re stuttering Bill?”

“Rich, don’t start-“ Stanley was soon pushed out of the way with William taking place in front of him.

“W-What you c-c-call me?”

“Stuttering. Bill.” Richie slowed it down before suddenly getting socked again. “What an over reaction.”

William frowns about to pick him up on his feet when Stanley grabbed him keeping him still.

“Just leave Rich”

“Yeah yeah...” Richie got up feeling his face and taking his leave.

“Fucking Will. Chill with the over reactions!”

“Why the f-f-fuck was he h-here S-Stan?” William frowns staring at Stan waiting for his answer.

“He’s. My. Fucking. Friend.” Stanley snaps as William groans pinching the bridge of his nose.

“W-Why? C-C-Can’t you j-just be satisfied w-with Eddie, B-Ben, and I?”

“Are you satisfied? Who the fuck is the girl you’ve been texting? Because she clearly doesn’t go to Harlem Academy or she’d sit with us” Stanley frowns storming off to his home with William following.

“You just shouldn’t hang out with the rats! Seriously!” William frowns continuing to go on a tangent as Stanley didn’t want to beat his ass but he was getting close to that limit.

Meanwhile Richie climbed through his apartment window falling onto the couch. He looked around not finding his mom so he checked

the kitchen counter for a note and there it was. Saying hopefully he got home and that she's working late like always. Richie was about to raid his fridge when he heard loud ass knocking.

"Please don't be Bev. Please don't be Bev." He frowns going to the door opening it and suddenly getting punched in the stomach by Bev with Mike witnessing behind her. "Ouch..."

"You really just had to go into the fucking gated community and confront my boyfriend?!"

"What?!"

"Isn't that why the fuck you were there and just had to call him Stuttering Bill?"

"MY FUCKING MOTHER WASNT HOME. I WENT TO A FUCKING FRIEND'S HOUSE" Richie snaps straightening up. "He's the fucking one that called me a fucking rat. So I'm s-s-Sorry if I fucking hurt his feelings with that dumbass nickname that YOU STARTED" he goes into his home with the two following as Mike closes the door.

"I'm sorry Rich. Just"

"Assumed? Yeah I get that from every prep that walks into where I work" Richie frowns as he grabs the bag of peas from the freezer putting it on his face.

“What the fuck even happen to your face?! Besides Will punching you”

“Henry had some fun” Mike laughs as he took out bandages he stole before realizing Richie had been patched up for the first one. “Wait. Why were you exactly there?”

“What the fuck do you mean?”

“You have friends in the gated community”

“Okay. One friend”

“And you’re not gonna tell us?” Bev questions as Mike and Richie shared a look before shrugging.

“He’s Bill’s friend”

“Which..one?”

“Does he know you’re from Brooklyn? Does he know that?”

“...Uh”

“Bev. You can’t lie to to the man. Even if I fucking hate him for being PREP” Richie sat on the counter as Mike sets down the bandages before taking his glasses off.

“It’s hard to mention that without mentioning a lot of things.” Bev frowns sitting on the couch. “This isn’t west side story. I’m not gonna die. He’s not gonna die”

“Yeah but the fact that his parents would want to meet you one day will be embarrassing” Mike says calmly putting the bandaid on Richie cheek cleaning up. “If you don’t tell him” he throws away the trash taking out his phone checking his texts.

“Who are you texting? Why are both of you texting somebody??”

“Because we have lives?”

“Are you saying I don’t have a life?”

“No you do. Because you work and do quite a number of things. But you don’t have many friends” Mike says calmly as Bev frowns checking her texts.

“Why the sudden mood change Bev?”

“Will”

“Jesus” Richie got off the counter walking over to Bev and sitting next to her. He rests his head on her shoulder staring at the texts.

W: Hey baby

B: Hey 

W: Sorry for bringing up again, but that rat really got me thinking.

B: Okay?

W: Are they all sneaking into the gated community? Because I do hear a shitton of them breaking into stores in Brooklyn. Sometimes Albany. Etc. Just a lot of stuff happens. Like fights too. Even though I could've totally gotten into one of that rat I punched fought back

B: You really shouldn't fight back with people from the other side.

W: Other side? Why don't you just call the no lives rats?

B: Because, that sounds terrible

W: I guess

Richie frowns before taking her phone and tossing it to Mike.

“Rich!”

“No shut up” Richie got up as Mike put her phone in his back pocket. He grabs his coat and bat. “Let’s go”

“Can we bring the cans?”

“Yeah” Richie opens his closet searching for his duffel bag grabbing it. “Let’s go to Harlem, because fuck that.”

“Rich. The cameras in places?”

“There’s no cameras in one spot I know” Richie suggests as Mike hesitantly takes his duffle bag and heading out with them.

Richie handed his jacket to Beverly as she immediately puts it on. The three ran down to the subway catching it on time. Mike sat down checking his texts as Bev rests against him while Richie held the rail.

“Are we tagging?”

“No”

“Then, what are we doing?”

“Something”

“Rich. We need a plan. We are going to Harlem Academy”

“No. Just. Harlem. Not that fucking shit school” Richie frowns as he took his glasses off putting them on Bev before going into his backpack putting on his beanie. He then takes off the sunglasses hanging on his collar and giving them to Mike.

“Terrible disguises-“

“Shut up Bev. It’s just something to add what I already have”

“Already have?”

“Yeah he already has a plan” Mike states as Richie groans a bit when the subway called their stop.

As the three got off Bev reached for her phone only to get her hand

swatted away. The three ended up at the bookstore behind it where some of the main faculty work. Richie knocks on the door as Stanley opens it for him. Mike and Bev waited for Richie.

“What’s this about?”

“Some things I can’t explain”

“That’s one of Will’s friends”

“The friend Richie went to”

“Shit”

Mike sets the duffle bag down grabbing the blue tape. “Set up?”

“Set up”

“Richie I’m sorry about William” Stanley frowns as Richie turned off the alley cameras for the bookstore.

“You shouldn’t apologize. It’s not you who hit me” Richie finished as he sat there thinking to himself. “I’m a rat. I’m a fucking Brooklyn rat. Ready to leave my mark.” He got up standing tall. “Keep a eye out for me?”

“I’ve got your back. But if I get in trouble with work and my parents. I’ll kill you”

“And I’ll let you” Richie smiles walking to the back door grabbing the knob before going to Stan and taking his hand kissing the top of it. “I’ll repay you” he smiles going out.

A couple of hours went by as the three started running off when the back door opened.

“Stanley, I’d like for inventory to be checked tomorrow and for the new shipment to be written in before placed on the shelves. Okay?” The manager tells Stanley on his way out as the two stop to stare at the mural.

“What a big rat” Stan states as the manager turned to him annoyed.
“Sorry”

“Fuck. Just. I’ll get the city on this. Don’t touch it Stanley.” The manager angrily leaves taking his phone out to call about the mural as Stanley snorts before heading back inside.

4. His Eyes

His eyes tell me a different story

He may look a certain way

Come from a different family

Different background

But deep down

We may have similar needs and desires

So listen to me

When I tell you that I love you

Please....

Two months have gone by and the mural stays on the wall behind the bookstore. Stan really enjoyed seeing it when he came into his shift knowing Richie always has a smile on his face knowing it's still there.

"Yo Richie we got the new limit edition covers for that horror book you really like...the uh...the.. AH! Carrie!" One of Richie's co workers tells him as he walks in to clock in.

"Did you save a copy?"

"Stan and Jason the manager told me to wait to open the box. Jason wanted you to do it" The co worker smiles as Richie ran into the back finding Stanley patting the box.

"In the spirit of halloween in the end of the month. We got these beauts. So open the box and put them in inventory before presenting them on the empty display in the front" Stanley smiles as he moves out of Richie's way to open the box checking out the sangria shade cover of the book with the famous blood covered prom queen crown on the front. "So is it cool...Rich?" He frowns seeing him in tears as he sets the book back in the box taking a minute before going to get some air.

Stanley frowns as he grabs his radio. "Hey Erin can you do inventory for the new edition books?"

"Thought Richie was doing that"

“Something came up in the moment. Do me this solid and I’ll work Black Friday”

“Okay...but have Rich work then too”

“Yeah yeah” Stanley closes the line setting his radio down before going outside.

Stanley closes the door behind him before sitting next to Richie on the crates in the back. He didn’t ask anything letting Richie take in the silence to calm himself down.

“What the fuck even happened, you’re not even smiling at the mural”

“It’s just...one of those days man. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have broken down like this...”

“You can talk to me”

“I know but I’m fine, I’ll be fine” Richie frowns taking off his glasses to wipe away his tears.

“I-“

“Stan. Someone is here asking for you. He’s...short and wearing red

short shorts?” Erin states as she stares at the two knowing she interrupted but didn’t give two fucks about it. “He’s in the magazine section” she goes back inside as Stanley groans a bit getting up.

“I’m gonna take care of this. You need anything?”

“Just a minute then I’ll be inside”

“Okay..”

As Stanley makes his way to the magazines he looks at Eddie before immediately turning around. Eddie grabbed his wrist before he could leave as Stanley groans.

“What do you need?”

“Why am I just hearing about Will?”

“What about him?”

“That he made it official with that Bev girl”

“That happened two days ago. Why didn’t you ask William yourself?! ”

“He told me”

Stanley gave him a death stare realizing this isn’t about William and it’s about Eddie being lonely.

“You know Ben is around right?”

“Yeah but he’s been in this club at school for architecture and they’ve been busy the past few weeks.”

“Then why can’t you just awkwardly third wheel Will and Bev”

The two took a minute then realized.

“Scratch that. Just why the fuck come during my shift instead of wait till it’s over?”

“Parents aren’t home. The cat freaks me out. I didn’t want to be alone” Eddie frowns as Stanley felt bad a little bit.

“Just. Chill here or anywhere here. And we’ll hang when I’m done. But. I promised Rich before today that he can hang. Is that cool with you?”

“Yeah! Of course it is” Eddie smiles a bit as he watches Stanley get called to help with something. “I’ll see you after!”

“Yeah Eddie”

As Eddie waited in one of the many sitting lounges reading one of the magazines he grabbed. His eyes were fixated on Richie who was simply just working. He didn’t know what was so interesting about him working and doing his part. But Richie was interesting. In his own certain way.

“Do you need something?”

“Huh?!” Eddie got out of his daze looking up at Richie who noticed him staring.

“You’ve got your eyes on something? Or just me?” Richie smirks as he started to be flirty which made Eddie panic making him blush a tad.

“Uh. Do you have anything...by Hemingway?”

Richie nods smiling before gesturing Eddie to follow him. “Ernest is like the most confusing mother fucker in the world. But I did like The Sun also Rises, probably because I watch Grey’s and... yeah you get my point”

“Derek Shepherd?”

“You watch that medical show? Thank god I’m not the only one. Netflix is like...the one thing I own because cable is stupid” Richie laughs as he grabs the Hemingway book he mentioned handing it to Eddie. “If you don’t understand it. There’s literally a spark notes book. And. I can help” Richie smiles before leaving the nerd alone with the book to take care of other things.

Eddie watches him go before blushing heavily looking down at the book.

As the two’s shifts finally end, Eddie waited outside since they were closing up. Stanley stepped out first looking at the book Eddie bought.

“You hate Hemingway-“

“Shut up”

“What?” Stanley was confused as Richie steps out locking the front before noticing the book.

“Wow you actually bought it. Hope you like it” Richie smiles about to head out when Stanley grabbed his hand bringing him back.

“You said we could hang tonight?”

“Shit right. Do you...do you mind if I pick where?”

“No as long as Eddie can tag along” Stanley pushes his very flustered friend in front of him.

“More the merrier” Richie smiles before getting an idea. “Mind if I ask for another to tag along?”

“Sure Rich” Stan smiles as he pushes Eddie up in between the two smirking.

As the three ended up in Central Park, Stanley caught them a table by one of the small coffee huts. Richie waited in line with Eddie as he kept a smile on his face while Eddie panicked blushed.

“You can sit with Stan, just tell me what you’d like” Richie smiles happily as Eddie felt dumbstruck by that smile.

“O-Oh Uh. Hot coco I guess”

“I like your style” Richie smiles as Eddie felt overwhelmed scurrying off to Stan. “Cute...” he whispers to himself before going up and ordering.

“It’s fucking cold as balls Stan”

“You’re the one wearing booty shorts in fall” Stan laughs a bit as Eddie sat across from him panicky. “So. Why so flustered around Richard?”

“I D O N T K N O W” Eddie soon started to go on a tangent as Stanley thought a lot about the shit he was saying.

Eddie forgot Richie is the same Richie from the subway. Then again...Stanley is keeping a secret. Eddie also only forgot because Richie has to dress nicely for work.

“Hot coco” Richie sets down Eddie’s drink in front of him. “Green tea” He hands Stanley his before taking a seat. “And a very gross cappuccino for-“

“Mike” Mike laughs as he joins the three realizing the two before smiling while taking his seat. He wore a rather nice coat as Richie kept eyeballing it even if he did wear a nice black trench that he got as a gift.

“Is that your father’s?”

“Huh? Oh. The coat? Yeah” Mike smiles taking it off and hanging it on the chair happily drinking his cap. “Oh, Where are my manors...” He laughs setting the drink down. “I’m Mike Hanlon” he held his hand out for Eddie as he happily shook it.

“Eddie Kaspbrak”

“Nice to meet you Eddie, and you?” Mike smirks at Stanley as he scoffs a bit before shaking his hand.

“Stanley Uris. But Stan is fine”

“Okay Stan the man”

“Hey that’s my nickname for him” Richie jokingly got defensive. “So, we relax then we can do whatever y’all want. I just wanted to do this first” he says calmly drinking his black coffee.

“You wanna hit up the Halloween store? The one on 86th street? It is almost the end of the month” Mike suggests as Richie knew he googled the store.

“Yeah, that could be cool then we can catch a movie? Or something around those lines” Stanley shrugs staring at his very nervous friend Eddie. “Yeah let’s do that”

“If you look up movie times for that new horror” Richie smiles as he turns to Eddie. “Fan of horror right?”

“Yeah!..Especially Stephen King movies”

“Hm. Guess you gotta hang out with me more so we can watch the shinning together one day” Richie smiles as he got up checking his watch. “Let’s head to the subway”

As the four started their way to the subway, Richie walked ahead of the group with Eddie as Mike stood beside Stanley. Stanley laughs softly catching Mike’s attention which made him instantly smile.

“So, how long have you and Richie known each other?”

“I’d say a year. Since he saved my ass from Bower freshman year”

“Yeah that Bowers bitch can really pack a punch. Richie always gets in some kind of shit with that guy” Mike frowns sighing. “But hey he’s got me and our other friend to Y’know patch his ass up.”

“Hey. He’s got me too. Don’t exclude me from that crowd” Stanley laughs.

“So where does the Eddie Kaspbrak, son of Frank Kaspbrak go to school?”

“Harlem Academy...”

“You sound disappointed. Did I say something?”

“I just. I don’t know. I hate talking about my dad”

“Sorry”

“It’s fine, you didn’t know”

“Hm. I should’ve known. Not a lot of people like their parents.” Richie states before opening the door to the Halloween store for all of them.

Now with Mike and Richie behind the two.

“When you said wear something nice. I didn’t think this” Mike whispers as Richie shrugs watching Eddie scream when Stanley scared him with a clown mask. “Then again. This is fun”

“Is this how Beverly feels?”

“Probably. Except she’s planning to tell William”

“Oh boy. Does that mean I have to get the break up snacks again?”

“We can just sneak into the bakery before it opens and take the ones they don’t use” Mike whispers so the two wouldn’t hear them as Richie shrugs. “Wait till the time comes?”

“Yeah” Richie smiles for reassurance before finding pumpkin lights.
“The temptation to get these are real Mike”

Mike laughs a bit watching Richie rummage through the Halloween lights. He soon got distracted watching Stanley from a distance.

“Boo!” Eddie tried scaring Richie who seemed to only laugh at the mask. “Hey!”

“Sorry...should I pretend to be scared?” Richie laughs as Eddie rolls his eyes taking the mask off smiling a tad.

“Shut up dickwad”

“Mmmkay” Richie smiles before officially picking the pumpkin lights staring for a moment. “Tight....”

“What?”

“Oh! Nothing nothing” Richie laughs checking the price again.

“Yo Rich. They have an earlier showing” Stanley shows him the movie time as Richie sets down the lights.

“Alright let’s go. We’ll come back before Halloween” Richie smiles resting a hand on Eddie shoulder before walking with them out.

Eddie turned around staring a bit shooting back his attention to the three when Stanley called him.

A few moments went by as the four were sitting in the theater watching the trailers. Mike handed Stanley a water before sitting on the other side of him. The seating arrangement was Eddie, Richie, Stan, and Mike. Richie turns to Stan nudging him playfully to only get punched in the arm angrily with a blush across his cheeks.

“If you get scared you can hold my hand” Richie offers to Eddie smiling as he was internally screaming when he offered that.

“I’ll keep that in mind” Eddie laughs a bit getting comfortable hiding his blush.

“Tsk. He barely knows the guy” Stanley whispers as Mike laughs a bit. “What?”

“I barely know you but I was going to offer the same thing” Mike smiles watching Stanley grow flustered before rolling his eyes ending with a smile.

As the movie started and played through Stanley instantly leaned against Mike throughout it without any of them rejecting. Eddie covered his eyes every now and then which was noticeable to Richie.

Richie smiles a bit moving the arm rest and instantly wrapping an arm around him. Eddie started internally panicking even more from the gesture that just happened. Eddie removed his hands for one moment suddenly screaming along with Stanley during a jump scare as he dug himself into Richie.

“I’ve gotcha” Richie whispers looking at Eddie as he looked up at him staring at his grayish green eyes.

His eyes...

5. Wrecking Ball

When the movie finished the four were walking to the subway to head home. Mike carries a dumb smile on his face walking beside Richie who was blushing heavily.

“These two....”

“Are great” Mike smiles as he watches Stanley laugh at Eddie who wouldn’t shut up about the jump scares.

The four reach the subway as Richie grew extremely hesitant to get on. Stanley stares at him for a while before walking up to him and hugging him.

“I’ll see you at work tomorrow”

“Yeah. I’ll see you later” Richie returned the hug as Mike frowns watching the tow before shaking it off.

“It was nice meeting both of you, I’ll walk Rich home” Mike smiles as Richie parts from Stanley staring at Eddie.

“I’ll see you around Eds” Richie smiles winking at him heading off with Mike. “Thanks man”

“Of course”

Stanley watches the two walk up the stairs before getting pulled by Eddie to get on the subway. The two took a seat enjoying the ride.

“That was fun”

“Your friend is a lot of fun”

“Richie? Yeah he is”

“Why doesn’t he hang out with our group?”

“Uh. He doesn’t go to our school first of all and his schedule is way different from ours” Stanley tried not to express more than he should.

“That sucks...”

“Why? Cuz you likkkkke him. Even when you don’t knowwwww him” Stanley teases watching Eddie blush. “I’m going to take that as a yes. AND. You just gotta make a plan. Then I’ll ask him if he wants to join”

“Jsidneisnfie You shouldn’t have told me that”

Stanley snorts laughing. “Yeah I know but oh well”

“Can we make one...one stop?”

“Okay?”

The next day came around as Richie came into work rubbing his eyes from how tired he is. He waves at Erin and Jason making his way into the back staring at his locker confused by the pumpkin lights. Richie sets his backpack down taking the lights into his hands smiling happily.

“Damn...” He laughs smiling even more as he took a minute to himself thinking before putting things away.

Richie walked behind the cashier counter staring at Stanley who was trying to tag a few books for clearance.

“You’re staring”

“You got me the lights?”

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about”

“The pumpkin lights!”

“Oh those things. Yeah. Not from me buddy. I’m just the messenger now can you take these to the clearance tables”

“Yeah of course” Richie grabs the books heading over to the tables as Stanley laughs to himself.

“My panicked gays. That’s for sure” Stanley laughs as he felt his phone buzzing. “Who is texting me...during work” He stops talking staring at the group chat with his prep friends.

Will: Why the fuck am I so stupid

Eddie: What are you talking about?

Ben: Is it about your girlfriend or something

Ben: Because you shouldn’t call her stupid

Eddie: The hets

Stan: Shut up Eddie

Stan: Just. Hurry up and get to the point I'm working

Will: I found out that Bev goes to Brooklyn High

Stan: And that's a bad thing why?

Ben: Why? Stan I think you know what he's going to text

Eddie: Oh boy. A rat

Will: A rat..and I got in a fight about it. She said the same thing Stan just texted. I'm just. We've been together for a good two months. And she kept it from me

Stan: Will. Did you tell her something you'd regret?

Will: I. I don't think so

Eddie: Screenshot

Will: It was mainly over the phone. But this is what the texts were
[insert screenshot]

Ben: Oh boy

Stan: For fuck sake Will!

Will: What?!

Stan: Do you expect someone to understand your feelings OVER TEXTS. And why should it matter if they are from a prep school or a public. Fuck I'm not getting into this

“You look angry” Richie frowns walking back to grab more from the pile as Stanley angrily puts his phone away.

“Do you have your phone on you?”

“No. I always have it in my locker”

“Is Bev your friend?”

“Of course she....Oh fuck, don’t tell me what I don’t want to hear”
Richie frowns going to the back to get his phone.

Rich and Stanley are pretty much best friends who tell each other everything. So of course Richie knows how Eddie feels about people from his side of the city. And Stanley knows how they really are.

Bev: HES A FUCKING ASS

Mike: I'll get the snacks. Rich your place?

Bev: HES WORKING WE SHOULDNT TEXT THE GROUP CHAT BUT YKNOW HE SHOULD KNOW THAT IM GONNA FUCKING KILL BILL

Mike: Oh boy.

Mike: We'll break plates. Would you feel better?

Bev: Yes....But I want Rich to beat his ass

Mike: Why Richie?

Bev: CUZ HE KNOWS SOMEONE IN THE GATE COMMUNITY SO HE CAN GET IN WITH NO TROUBLE.

Rich: I'll beat him up if you really want me to

Mike: There's Rich

Rich: I swear. Are you two like. Done? Because if y'all are done then the beating up would be easier

Bev: RICHIE FUCKING TOZIER

Bev: YOU ARENT KILLING BILL

Rich: Are we calling him based off Stuttering Bill now?

Bev: YES

Mike: Yeah

Rich: Fuck. Okay. Well I got five hours, if y'all want to meet me here then go ahead

Bev: Can I come now

Rich: Uhhhhh

Bev: Please

Rich: Fuck. But I can't hide you in the back

Bev: That's fine! I'll go in as a customer and read the sad fake romance novels

Mike: Some are good tho...

Bev: THEN WE CAN READ THEM AND CRY TOGETHER

Rich: Baby you're gonna be the only one crying

Bev: ILL KILL YOU RICH

Rich: Praise god 🙏

Bev: STFU

A few hours went by as Richie put his hoodie on before packing his backpack with his pumpkin lights about to head out when Stanley stopped him for a moment.

“What’s up Stan?”

“Please tell me you are going to do anything to Will because of what he did to your friend”

“If I’m not Bev is gonna ask our other friend. Or hurt him herself. I won’t kill him”

“Rich-“ Stanley pushes Richie back frowning. “Don’t kill him. Just. Fuck Rich”

“Stanley. I know he’s your friend before me. But I won’t kill him. I’ll knock some sense into him”

“Rich don’t be what the preps define you to be”

“Stan. I’ll be fine” Richie frowns taking his leave joining Mike and Bev outside. “If I look like I’m losing. Kick him off Mike”

“Gotcha Richie”

“If Stanley hates me by the end of this? I’ll never forgive you Bev”

“I’ll take my chances...”

The three stood outside the gated community as Beverly frowns waiting for William who hesitantly met up with her. William took her hand into his as Beverly brought him far from the community into an alley where Richie was with Mike.

“Bev-“

“Vibe check bitch” Richie suddenly socked William as Mike grabbed Bev keeping her back while the two fought.

There was more to it then just the Beverly thing. William suddenly pinned Richie under him after a bit of rough housing. Mike let go of Beverly to get him off when Beverly suddenly did it as she started crying. William frowns hearing her cry as he held her. But before Mike could help Richie-

“Fuck off Will-“ Ben came as back up with a bat suddenly striking Richie’s collar making him fall.

“BEN I STOPPED-“ Will panicked as Ben had a hay day. Mike ran grabbing the bat before suddenly breaking it in half.

“Wood bat...your....your mistake” Richie groans staying down as Mike frowns before getting infuriated pushing Ben against the wall.

“Leave or you’ll get it” Mike threats as Ben cowered a bit. He watches Ben run over to Will grabbing him but Will pulled away.

“Will. Come on. Don’t deal with these rat-“

“S-S the fuck up. I’m in l-l-l-love with one. This should’ve never h-h-happened and n-now look at h-him” William frowns as he took his phone out dialing 911 but before he could hit call Bev tried knocking his phone out of his hands. “W-What”

“He can’t afford it. Hell he can’t afford the ER visit”

“I-I’ll take care of it” William frowns as he walks over to Ben. “G-G-Get y-your car”

“I CANT DRIVE-“

“I can” Mike states as Ben frowns before waving him over to follow him to go get it.

Eddie sat on Ben’s porch waiting for him as he saw him running with Mike into their garage. He frowns standing to his feet as Ben took a few steps back out watching Mike drive out with his car.

“Ben! Did Will-“

“He won. Shut up Eddie”

“But why did he-“

“Cuz he’s an idiot. We are all idiots”

“That’s a ju-“

“SHUT UP EDDIE I ALMOST KILLED A GUY”

“WHAT THE FUCK YOU ONLY HAD A BAT-“

“OKAY. I KNOW BUT THAT BAT GOT FUCKING KNEE CHOPPED IN HALF SO YKNOW IT SHOULDNT HAVE DONE A LOT OF DAMAGE BUT WILL DID QUITE A LOT”

“WHY DID HE EVEN GO?! HE SHOULDVE JUST GIVEN THE GIRL SPACE”

“GUYS DONT LISTEN. YOU KNOW THAT”

“Is that an insult??”

“SHUT UP EDDIE A LOT HAD JUST HAPPENED”

“WHY DID HE TAKE YOUR CAR”

“TO DRIVE HIS FRIEND-“

“Friend” Eddie felt a pain in his chest as he remembered Mike. Knew Bev because of Will. Connecting his dots rather quickly.

Rats

Richie...

6. City of Tears & Pain

“Someone paged me down here-“ Maggie frowns seeing Richie struggling to get the residents and attending to stop touching him in the trauma room. “Richard....Oh my god” she broke down in tears walking in pushing a few nurses out of the way grabbing her son’s face to watch him calm down and suddenly burst into tears.

“According to his friends...he got hit by a car” The ER nurse states writing more in his chart before gesturing the residents to go back to the checklist. “He has a broken collar bone from the looks of his x-ray. He’ll need surgery”

“Richie...what the fuck happened”

“A....A lot” Richie started crying as the distraction of his mother helped the residents do what they need to do.

Meanwhile...

“STAN”

“STAN”

“STANLEY”

“Why the fuck are you....shit Will” Stanley frowns setting down his books finding his bruised knuckles and a black eye. “I mean. He didn’t kill you..”

“But Ben almost fucking killed him! AND WILL!” Eddie yells as they were all getting stared at.

“Follow me. Now.” Stanley brought them to the alley behind the store.

Stanley looked around closing the door before grabbing Will’s collar.

“TELL ME EVERYTHING”

“Beverly and Will got into a fight which we all know because he found out that she’s from the gross side of New York. Even though there are some nice places in Brooklyn. But the reason we call them rats is because she goes to Brooklyn High. Anyway. Bev told her friends and they wanted to show him a lesson. Richie. Richie in particular. He didn’t do much but Will put a number in him until Ben the backup thought he was losing and decided to hit him a few times with a bat. Then from what Ben told me. Mike broke it in half with his knee since it was a wooden bat. N-Now Richie is in the ER with his friends after taking Ben’s car” Eddie said all of that in one breath as he started crying while taking a deep breath with his inhaler.

Stanley frowns knowing exactly why he was crying. He turned to Will frowning before suddenly getting angry and socking him himself.

“I...I deserved that....” Will frowns holding his face as Stanley didn’t say anymore.

That’s all Stanley wanted to do, besides clock out to go visit Richie and get his hand checked.

“Come on. Let’s go get checked. But also so I CAN SEE MY BEST FRIEND.” Stanley yells as he goes into the bookstore to clock out and grab everything as the three waited for him.

Then they all went in to only immediately get help from a nurse or two. Eddie suddenly froze in place watching his father approach the nurse’s station handing the nurse the chart.

“Edward, oh my god” Frank frowns approaching his son and embracing him.

“Dad. Let go-“

“Did you get hurt. Did you get hurt?!”

“No! I’m here with friends”

“You need to tell me why”

“Why?!”

“Because there are cops asking one of my patients what really happened since his injuries don’t match a car”

“You shouldn’t ask someone who wasn’t involved!” Eddie states as Frank frowns grabbing his shoulders.

“You’re involved if you know”

“Don’t ask me! Ask William! He’s here getting checked!” Eddie shrugged him off going to find Stanley and Ben.

After a while of searching Eddie walked into the exam room watching Ben stare at the x-ray of Stan’s hand which showed nothing. Stanley was practically only icing his knuckles while on the phone with his parents reassuring.

“He’s fine right?”

“Yeah just bruises”

“Damn. And will?”

“Hmmm. I don’t know. Beverly is with him. We’ll know when we’ll

know”

“And Richie-“

“His Mother is extremely angry and the police are here. But the one thing I overheard was he’s going to get surgery” Stanley frowns ending the call. “My mom is upset at me. Dad is confused. And well they’ll come and get me later”

Eddie rest his back against the wall sliding down to sit. He felt the tears start forming again as he grabs his head bringing it in between his legs.

“I didn’t even get to know him....”

“Eddie he’s not dying!”

“Really....”

“Yes. Really. He’s not going to die!”

“Hmm.....” Eddie continues to cry as Ben frowns sitting on the stool in the room.

“Why are we monsters...”

“What?” Stanley looks at Ben confused as Eddie brought his head up to look at him with his tearful eyes.

“We call these people rats, when they defend each other like how we defend each other. We are just so used to having the money to protect us. As they fight to protect their family that are in the same boat as each other. Maybe not exactly the same but you get what I mean...we are the monsters to their society and when we realize...it hurts. Oh my god I really hurt him.” Ben started to hyperventilate as Stanley quickly shot his attention to Eddie who looked ready to kill him.

Stanley got off his exam table taking the ice off his hand. Opening and closing his fist to feel a tad better. He walks over to Eddie making him stand.

“You barely knew him, but you have that pain because of how you treated him before you met him”

“I-I know....a-a-and I...I want to....” Eddie cries as Stanley hugs him tightly.

A cop opened the door along with Stanley’s doctor as he had to ask the three some questions if they knew anything. Which lead to Ben saying what he did. But a great thing wrong with society, he didn’t get in trouble for what had happened. There was going to be punishment done by his parents of course. And Maggie.

A few hours went by, Richie started waking up slowly as he looked around in the hospital room finding himself in a private room. He felt his heart start pounding which startled his mother awake as she slept in those uncomfortable hospital chairs in. She panicked thinking Richie was having a heart attack but she noticed her son awake shaking in his bed.

“Hun..” Maggie cries walking over to her son holding his face in her hands again keeping in mind his injuries.

“Why...why am I in here....”

“I would asked the sa-“

“N-No...ma I...we-“

“Shut up Richie...you don’t ever have to worry about that” Maggie frowns wiping away his tears feeling Richie’s good hand grab onto one of her hands crying more.

“...h..how long?”

“You’ll have the arm sling for a while baby. But you’ll be discharged on Halloween.”

“But...ugh...” Richie frowns resting his head back onto the pillow.
“What...happened with-“

“You really want to get into this...”

“Y-Yes”

“I hate those snobs Richie. I don’t know why you got tangled up with them...Stanley I know about but the others? The two that hurt you got away with it...”

“But of course....” Rich frowns as Maggie ran her hand through her son’s hair as the two were interrupted by a cop coming in with Frank.

“You really have to ask now?”

“We’ve waited hours for-“

“The cops waited hours to question my son on what happened. You already know who did this. Why do you need to question him”

“All we need to know is who started it. Because we hear more than one person” The cop states as Frank leaves the cop to talk to the two finding his son along with his friends and Rich’s friends waiting.

“You shouldn’t-“

“Shut up” Stanley frowns as Eddie felt his heart pounding when he watched his father’s expression go sour. “Seriously. I’m done listening to adults for a day.” He walks passed Frank before going into the hospital room trying not to look at Richie’s condition or he’ll start crying. “Out!”

“Kid-“

“Don’t call me kid”

“Oh you started it...” Richie frowns watching Stanley open the door forcing the cop out.

“Excuse me-“

“The people who started it. Beverly and William. They started it. And got unnecessary people involved! Also it’s a baseball bat that did that damage. Not a car” Stanley snaps before shutting the door and finally looking at Rich taking it all in.

“Man. What could I do without you Staniel”

“Fucking die” Stan frowns crying as he takes Richie’s available hand.

Richie frowns looking at his bruised knuckles tugging him to sit on the bed to let him let it out. He turns to his mom indicating he’s fine.

“Hit the nurse’s button if you need anything. And have them page me” Maggie frowns kissing Richie’s forehead before leaving.

As Richie watches his mother leave, he turns to Stanley worried for him which made Stanley instantly grab his face.

“Why”

“Huh?”

“Why do you not give a flying fuck about yourself?”

“That’s a loaded question”

“Sure but it’s also not” Stanley frowns letting go as he takes his hand again looking at his also bruised knuckles. “I didn’t think Ben would be backup....he’s a sweet kid and Will made him an ass”

“Everyone’s an ass...”

“Ain’t that the truth” Stanley laughs as does Richie who gasps from pain soon stopping. “I still can’t believe he broke your collar bone”

“Mind you. I don’t drink enough milk”

“Well aren’t you the dumbass”

“Tsk.” Richie smiles as it soon fades for many reasons. Stanley obviously noticed but he didn’t know if he should ask or wait for Richie to say something. “I-“

“Sorry we gave you enough alone time now I’m joining this party- Oh my god what the fuck” Mike frowns looking at the strange contraption on Richie’s arm and shoulder. “How long do you need that for?!”

“Hmm. I had surgery..so that’s six weeks. But...since it’s also a broken bone...I have eight weeks” Richie shrugs with his good shoulder which caused pain in the other somehow. “But...that also depends if it all heals correctly. Fucking bullshit though”

“Why?” Mike walks over sitting in the chair his mother sat in. “Are you talking about what I think you’re talking about?”

“How the fuck am I, let alone my mom, is gonna pay for this? Watch me get kicked out of my already one bedroom apartment that my mom already struggles to pay for.”

“Shit Rich is that what’s really bugging you about this?”

“Now you know why I don’t go to hospitals and I sneak into your bedroom or Mike steals bandages for me”

“Shouldn’t say that so loud in a hospital” Mike laughs as Richie rolls his eyes.

“If there were cameras in here? That’s a violation of privacy. And?! This is a private patient room. If it weren’t? Y’all would have to be quite as fuck if I had a roommate. This is going to put a toll on how much my mom makes and I’m going to have to work once I get out of here”

“Richie you shouldn’t think too far in the future-“

“Soon to be future- shit” Richie gripped the bar of the hospital bed.

“You’re stupid.”

“Shut the fuck up”

“I’m extremely confused.” Mike questions as Stanley presses the nurse’s button. “Huh?”

“He’s in pain but think it’s gonna cost him more. You know if your mom pressed charges-“

"She won't win if we can't get a lawyer pro bono" Richie states as Stanley gave him a stare while the nurse came in concerned. "Hnnn. Can I get something for the p-pain?"

"Of course. Let me get your chart really quick" The nurse left as the door stayed open revealing Eddie who was patiently in the hall.

Richie's heart monitor started going quickly as he watches Eddie come in. But it still made the three panic. Stanley caught on quickly while Mike stayed clueless.

"C-Calm down..." Eddie started panicking as Richie took a deep breath which relaxed him and the monitor beeping. "Shit..why...god" he started crying again which made Stanley get off the bed going to comfort him with a hug.

Richie tried sitting up but the pain kept him down as he strongly bite his gown.

"Doctor Kaspbrak will take care of it" The nurse opens the door for the doctor as Frank looks down at his crying son before treating to Richie's pain.

"You know you have to press the button whenever you are in pain. It's a serious break and time won't heal it comfortably without the help of pain killers" Frank scoffs resting his hand on Richie's other shoulder. "Also. Between you and I. Morphine feels a whole lot better for a short time compared to drugs teenagers abuse nowadays"

Richie stares at him with shock as Frank laughs leaving. He quickly turns to Mike.

“He knowsssssss”

“Oh by the way. The morphine will make him sleepy. But also a tad high”

“Oh this’ll be fun” Mike jokes as Richie gave him a stare. “If you High makes you extremely honest and sharey. I’ll kill you”

“Ahhhhhhhhh okay”

7. “You care about a rat like me?”

“I hate it in here”

“I bet, you’re pretty much confined to a bed and a chair”

“Shut the fuck up you smartass”

“Hostileeeee” Bev laughs setting down her cards. “I win”

“You know I completely forgot what we were playing right?”

“....I thought we were playing goldfish”

“I thought this was 21” Richie stares before setting his cards down laughing. He reacts a bit resting his hand on his splint. “Fuck this shit”

“Well hey you get out on Halloween so you’ll....”

“Be stuck at home”

Bev frowns thinking for a moment before smiling. She took her phone out and started texting William while Richie just watched her

thinking to himself where his stuff was this entire time. He got up from his chair dragging his IV rack searching his hospital room.

Bev: Halloween party?

Mike: With three people?

Bev: No! You me Richie and the preppy

Mike: Isn't Rich going to kill that Ben boy?

Bev: Hope not. But it wouldn't hurt to have one since he's going to be stuck in his apartment for the entire holiday

Mike: So. A sleepover?

Bev: MIKE YOU'RE A GENUIS

Mike: Oh lord

—

Bev: WE ARE DOING SOMETHING NICE FOR RICHIE AND YALL

CANT BAIL

Stan: What a great start to giving you my number

Bev: Was that sarcasm

Stan: Uh. No

Bev: A N Y W A Y

Bev: WE GONNA HAVE A HALLOWEEN SLEEPOVER AT RICHIE'S SINCE HE'LL BE STUCK AT HOME ONCE HE GETS DISCHARGED

Mike: Stop the caps lady

Will: Hey stfu

Mike: Don't make me fight you to match Richie

Stan: Okay calm down

Ben: Is he going to kill me in his home?

Stan: He won't do that Ben.

Eddie: We Don't even know where he is...

Mike: [insert address here]

Stan: Is this supposed to be a surprise?

Stan: Doesn't Rich get hostile with surprises

Mike: Bev. His last birthday.

Bev: I still can't get over what happened. Anyway, yes a surprise but his mom will know about it and tell him before he enters the house. To avoid attacking one of us

Will: Even though if he tried he'll be in hell of pain babe

Bev: True but let's try and avoid that

Ben: I still fear

Stan: He won't hurt you! For fuck sake

Ben: YOU DONT KNOW THAT

Stan: THEN DONT SIT NEAR HIM. Anyway. Fuck. Should we bring stuff

Mike: Food. Like. Foods you'll eat. I'll take care of stuff Rich likes because my dad works at a deli and he likes the food there

Will: I'll bring Halloween candy, do I get a lot?

Stan: There's a total of seven of us. Yes a lot. Knowing Richie and that splint he's in. He'll otter a candy bowl

Eddie: That's cute

Eddie: WAIT.

Eddie: Ignore that

Ben: Sure. Okay..

Will: I swear

Stan: Say aye to put Eddie next to Richie during the horror movies

Will: Aye

Ben: Aye

Bev: Aye!

Mike: I swear if you're a puncher during horror films Rich will end someone. But aye

Eddie: I SWEAR TO GOD

Bev: It's settled! I'll figure out from his mom when he gets discharged and get a key to his apartment so we can set up n stuff

Stan: Sounds good

Bev: Oh my god

Mike: What?

Bev: Richie left his room. I got to go

As Bev panicked to go find Richie, Richie had already found himself in the ER dragging his IV going behind the nurse's station to try and find his stuff. A nurse stops in shock seeing Richie up and about after four days post op. She reaches for the phone to page his mother.

"Stop!" Richie sets the phone back down. "I'll go back I just need my stuff..."

"Mr. Tozier can I at least get you a wheelchair?"

"Are you going to take me back without giving me my stuff?"

"I'll get you your things. But please. Use a wheelchair next time" The nurse frowns. "Your mother only worries about you while working. Don't make her worry more when you're in here" she goes to get his things and a wheelchair as Richie frowns.

Beverly ran into the ER finding Richie getting help in a wheelchair.

"You're such an idiot"

"Shut up Bev. You were texting. I found an opportunity"

“You could’ve really hurt yourself”

“Yeah yeah...”

Bev took a hold of the wheelchair taking him back so the nurse can go back to work. She watches Richie go into the trauma bag taking out his phone and checking his texts.

“I still can’t believe you still have a six”

“You think I can afford the newest shit.”

“True. Sorry Rich”

“Why is this unknown number freaking out over my messages?” Rich frowns as Bev took his phone once they got back into his room. “Can I-“

“Oh that’s Eddie”

“Huh? H...How’d he get my number”

“Stan probably”

“Now how do you know...well the ER day. Never mind ignore that” Richie groans getting up from the chair and laying in his bed flinching every time he tried to relax. “Can I have my phone back?”

“Yeah yeah” Bev read some of the messages making sure none talked about Halloween since a few were recent. She handed him back his phone as her alarm went off. “Shit. Now I have to go, I’ll see you Halloween?”

“If you don’t mind staying in my apartment” Richie frowns for a moment as he read his messages.

Eddie: WHY DID HE FIGHT WILLIAM?! HE DOESNT CONTROL HIM

Eddie: ISBDIENDUJE I CANT-

Eddie: WHICH HOSPITAL

Eddie: OH NY GOD

Eddie: I CANT. I CANT. STAN EXPLAIN IM GONNA FUCKING HEISNIENDUE

Eddie: BEN IS CRYING

Eddie: IR IS THAT ME?!

Eddie: FUCK I THIUGHT THIS WAS STAN'S CONTACT

Eddie: I'm so going to commit

Eddie: hey..

Eddie: Are you feeling better?

Eddie: Sorry if it's very random to see me message you. I know I am a complete stranger

Eddie: I just. You're Stan's friend. So I care. Too much. Obviously.

Eddie: BEVERLY TEXTED ME SAYING YOU LEFT YOUR ROOM

Eddie: GET BACK IN YOUR BED FOR FUCK SAKE

Eddie: I SWEAR YIU BETTER NOT HURT YOURSELF MORE

Rich: I'm fine

Eddie sat in his room immediately stop doing his homework to check his texts.

Eddie: Oh thank god

Rich: Sorry for not replying

Eddie: No no! It's fine! You didn't have access to it. Also, I'm sorry about the spam from before. Thought this was Stan's.

Eddie: You and him have. Very..very similar contact numbers

Richie laughs at Eddie trying to cover himself up. He was about to reply when Stanley started spamming him.

"Wow I'm so popular today"

Stan: What are you dressing as for Halloween?

Stan: I have ideas because you're practically crippled in one arm

Stan: WOW that sounded rude

Stan: Oh well

Stan: Besides the point.

Stan: Mummy, zombie, uh. Can't think much of anything else

Rich: Did you get your friend my number?

Stan: Of course that's how you reply to something not about that. Yes.
Why?

Rich: I need context

Stan: I'm not allowed to say

Rich: Wtf. Now that's sketchy

Stan: He just wanted your number after that night we went to the
Halloween store. He said you're cool

Rich: Oh okay

Stan: Now can you answer

Rich: Are you going to hang out with me during Halloween is that why you ask?

Stan: ...

Stan: Why can't you just stick to answering questions I've asked you

Rich: Sorry

Stan: Whatever but yeah we are hanging. Even if you're stuck in your house that Friday. But I'm sleeping over to

Rich: You sure your mom would be cool with that

Stan: Yeah. But hey can I invite more peeps?

Rich: Uhhhhh imagine a studio with two rooms. A bathroom and a bedroom.

Stan: They'll fit

Rich: Okay whatever you say.

Rich: Hey do you think you can hang out?

Stan: I'm covering your hours. So I can't. I'll be here till night fall

Rich: oh alright. Well don't let be bug yes Stan the Man

Richie frowns before smiling again.

Rich: You busy?

Eddie: Homework, why?

Rich: shit so you won't be able to hang with me either 🤦‍♂️ why are all my friends busssssy

Eddie started panicking internally thinking if he should really go and do this or not.

Eddie: Sure but

Rich: Your dad?

Eddie: Yeah..

Rich: Fuck'em. Or will he be mad Bc you came to see a rat

Eddie: Richie I'm sorry about that stupid nickname. People in Harlem Academy say it a lot

Rich: Hm. It never bugged me. But it was stupid.

Eddie: I'm sorry

Rich: You're lucky you're cute

Rich: I'll see you in thirty?

Eddie: I'll be there

"Oh my GOD" Eddie panicked as he got up going into his closet.

"Eddie bear? What's with all the screaming?" Sonia looks at her spastic son who ran down the stairs dressed in a light pink sweater

and khakis with a black belt. “Ohhhh are you going out? Is it with that cutie down there street? She’s very lovely”

“Uh. No???? Uhh wait. Yes. Sure. Bye” Eddie picked up his bag before heading out.

An hour passes as Eddie knocks on the door slowly opening it seeing Richie sit up in his bed smiling.

“Sup Eds”

“Don’t call me that” Eddie blushes as he closes the door behind him.
“H-How are you feeling?”

“Hmmmm....I could be better. Well it could be better”

“What do you mean?” Eddie frowns setting his bag down next to the chair before sitting beside his bed.

“I’m stuck in here, until Halloween and my love for it is kind of dying with how plain this room is. Besides the fact that all of this freaks me out. I hate hospitals”

“I hate them too, even though it’s nice to know they are there when you’re hurt”

“All lifey” Richie jokes smiling a bit as he rests his head on the pillow looking at him happily. “Hey do you want to chill on Halloween?”

“At your place?”

“Yeah, I mean. Stan said he’s inviting some of his friends. Which includes you but I wanted to ask you myself”

Eddie felt his face heat up hopefully not noticeable since Richie hasn’t had his glasses on since the accident. But he was really happy that he asked him even though he knows the plan.

“I’d love to”

“Awesome” Richie smiles as he watches Eddie fidget with his fingers. He snickers a bit before moving the table that comes over his bed over to Eddie. “You can do your homework here..it’s just nice to have company”

“You’re going to have a lot of work to catch up on...”

“Eh, I know but Brooklyn High has weird deadlines that work for me. And that’s what I’ll be working on when I get home”

“I can...I can help you if you ever need it” Eddie offers as he sets his backpack on the table.

“You don’t have to be nice to me cuz I’m wounded”

“Shut up....”

The two sat in silence as Richie smiles a bit before having a tint of pink across his cheeks hearing..

“I want to be”